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The Irish Christmas



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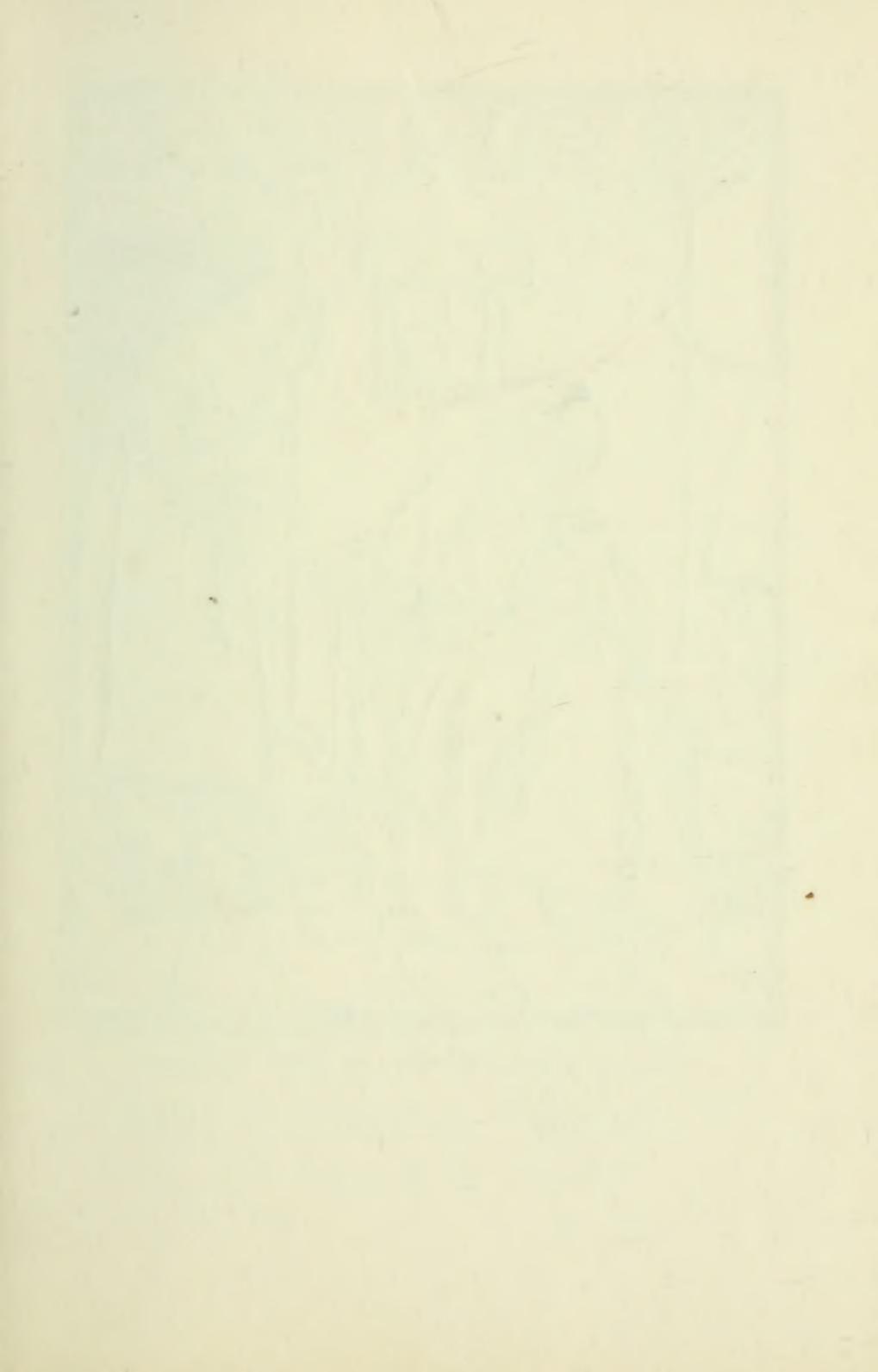
THE IRISH CHRISTMAS

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Τρία καίνοτα φωτίζουν κάθε ουρανόντα: Φήμη,
Δικαιοσύνη, Επιστήμη.

Three candles that light up every darkness :
Truth, Nature, Knowledge.

THE TRIADS OF IRELAND.



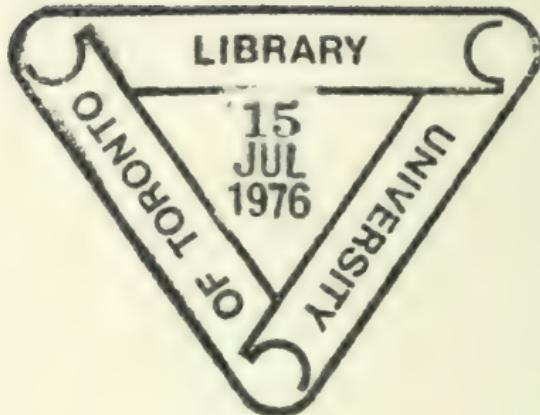


From an original drawing by Sadb Trinnseach

THE IRISH CHRISTMAS

ILLUSTRATED BY
SADB TRINNSEACH

THE CANDLE PRESS
158 RATHGAR ROAD
DUBLIN 1917



For permission to reprint poems by Susan Mitchell and Joseph Campbell we are indebted to the authors and Messrs. Maunsel & Co., Ltd. Mr. Elkin Mathews has allowed us to include Lionel Johnson's poem, "Christmas and Ireland" "Cronan na Banaltra" is taken with Fr. O'Kelly's consent from *An Cláideam Soluis, Christmas 1907.*

CRÓNÁN NA DANALTRA.

Seoitín, Seotó, mo rtóri é mo leanb,
Mo feáro gán cealas, mo curio de'n i gaoisgal móri,
Seoitín, seotó, nád móri é an tairgneam
Mo rtóirín 'n a leabhar Índiaodh gán bhrón!
A leanb mo cléib go n-éigilisíodh do coddlaod leat,
Séan agur ronar corrche 'oo comhair!
Beannacht mic Dé agur téagair a bhuime leat!
Téigísh a coddlaod gán biothúad go ló.

Ari mullaic an tighe tá riúeógsa geala
Faodainn-pé an Earragais as imirt a rróirit,
Seo iad amair cun glaoiroíri ari mo leanb,
Le mian é tappainist iptimeac fán lior móri.
Goirim tú, a chroíde! ní bhris' riad do mealladh
Le bhris a sclear ná le binnear a gceoil,
Tá mire leo' taoibh as guríde opt na mbeannacht,
Seoitín, a leanb, ní imteo' tú leo.

Or comhair mo laciś, go miocháir ceannamail
Tá vil-puirí as ingear as faidhe 'n-a tpeó,
Le móri-ghrád tian 'sá iarrasair cun bealaish,
Mar b'aoibhne flaitheir dá riacad pé leo.

Δ ρτόρι μο ḥμοιρέ, την ḡ πιαρ μο το λεάβαιρ !
Τε ταοινδ ρο μαιμε γεαδ ḫαιραιρ δο φοιλ,
Μι μόρι θαντε Τία μο σιαμρα 'Συρ μ' αιτεαρ,
Μο Ριοζαέτ απι ταλαντι τοτεανντα μο θρόιο—

Seoirtin, Seotó, μο ρτόρι ε μο λεανδ,
Μο φέρο δαν δεατς, μο διρο νε'ην τραοζατ μόρι,
Seoirtin, γεοτó, ηασ μόρι ε αη ταιτνεατ
Μο ρτόρινην 'η α λεάβαιρ δαν δουλαρ δαν θρόν !

TOMÁS UA CEALLAÍS, SASAIFT.

[“Círóitán n \ Banaltira” αν τ-ειμι ατά αη φονν θεαρ ατά ας
μωιηντιρι Σοννηαρι. Θειρ γιατ δυνατ ε αν φονν α διοτ μαρ
φυαντηριανόε ας αη μαζδοιν μωιρε ε.—Τ. Ήα Ceallaíς.]

CHRISTMAS AND IRELAND

THE golden stars give warmthless fire,
As weary Mary goes through night:

Her feet are torn, by stone and briar;

She hath no rest, no strength, no light:

O Mary, weary in the snow,

Remember Ireland's woe!

O Joseph, sad for Mary's sake!

Look on our earthly Mother too:

Let not the heart of Ireland break

With agony the ages through:

For Mary's love, love also thou

Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter stern,

At Bethlehem, that night of nights.

"For you no cheering hearth shall burn:

We have no room here, you no rights."

O Mary and Joseph! hath not she,

Ireland, been as ye?

The ancient David's royal house

Was thine, Saint Joseph! wherefore she,

Mary, thine ever Virgin Spouse,

To thine own city went with thee.

Behold! thy citizens disown

The heir of David's throne!

Nay, more! The Very King of Kings
Was with you, coming to His own:
They thrust Him forth to lowliest things;
The poor meek beasts of toil alone
 Stood by, when came to piteous birth
 The God of all the Earth.

And she, our Mother Ireland, knows
Insult and infamies of wrong:
Her innocent children clad with woes,
Her weakness trampled by the strong:
 And still upon her Holy Land
 Her pitiless foemen stand.

From Manger unto Coss and Crown
Went Christ: and Mother Mary passed
Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down
Upon the Angel Throne at last.

Thence, Mary! to thine own Child pray,
For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still,
The dew of tears is on her face:
Her wounded heart takes yet its fill
Of desolation and disgrace.

God still is God! And through God she
Foreknows her joy to be.

The snows shall perish at the spring,
The flowers pour fragrance round her feet:
Ah, Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring
This mercy from the Mercy Seat!

Send it, sweet King of Glory, born
Humbly on Christmas Morn!

LIONEL JOHNSON.

I FOLLOW A STAR

I FOLLOW a star
Burning deep in the blue,
A sign on the hills
Lit for me and for you.

Moon-red is the star,
Halo-ringed like a rood,
Christ's heart in its heart set,
Streaming with blood.

Follow the gilly
Beyond to the west:
He leads where Christ lies
On Mary's white breast.

King, priest, prophet—
A child, and no more—
Adonai the Maker!
Come, let us adore.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

THE CRIB

DAY closes in the cabin dim,
They light the Christmas candle tall
For Him who is the light of all.
They deck the little crib for Him
Whose cradle is earth's swinging ball.

SUSAN MITCHELL.

THE DESCENT OF THE CHILD

WHO can bring back the magic of that story,
The singing seraphim, the kneeling kings,
The starry path by which the Child of Glory
'Mid breathless watches and through myriad
wings
Came, with the heaven behind him slowly waning,
Dark with his loss, unto the brightening earth,
The young, ennobled star, that He so deigning,
Chose for the heavenly city of His birth?
What but the heart of youth can hold the story,
The young child's heart, so gentle and so wild,
It can recall the magic of that Glory
That dreamed itself into a little child.

SUSAN MITCHELL.

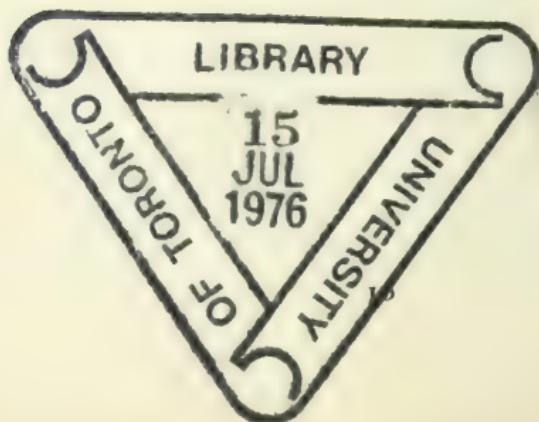
HO RI, HO RI.

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannaicht e, thainig 's an am,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannaicht an tigh 's an bheil ann,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Eadar chuall, us chlach, us chrann,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Iomair do Dhia, eadar brat us aodach.
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Slainte dhaoine gu'n robh ann,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Gu'm bu buan mu'n tulach sibh,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Gu'm bu slan mu'n teallach sibh,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Nocht oidhche Nollaige Moire,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannaicht e, Beannaicht e,
Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Rugadh Mac na Mor-Oige

Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannacht e, Beannacht e,
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Rainig a bhonnaibh an lar,
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannacht e, Beannacht e,
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Shoillsich grian nam beann ard
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Shoillsich fearann, shoillsich fonn
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannacht e, Beannacht e,
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Chualas an tonn ar an traigh
 Ho Ri, Ho Ri,
Beannacht e, Beannacht e,
Beannacht e, Beannacht e.
 Beannacht an Righ
Gan tus, gan chrich
Gu suthain gu sior
Gach linn gu brath.

SEAN-DUAN ALBANACH.





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